

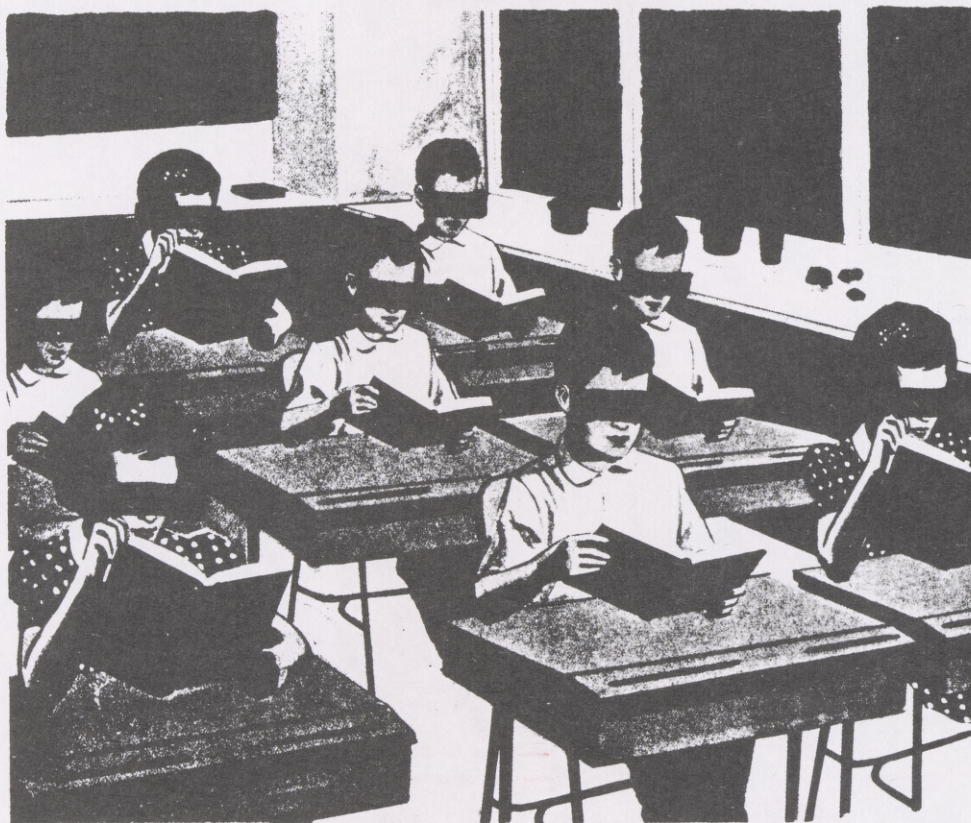
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POST-AUSCHWITZ CULTURE

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Every _____ is an individual. _____ help us to tell one individual from another. Your age or looks or the way you speak are some of your individual differences.

_____ are also different in ways we cannot see. They have different ideas. How could your class share ideas if everyone knew just the same things? How would you learn new ideas?



Let's find out about some of our other individual differences. You may also discover some ways _____ are alike.

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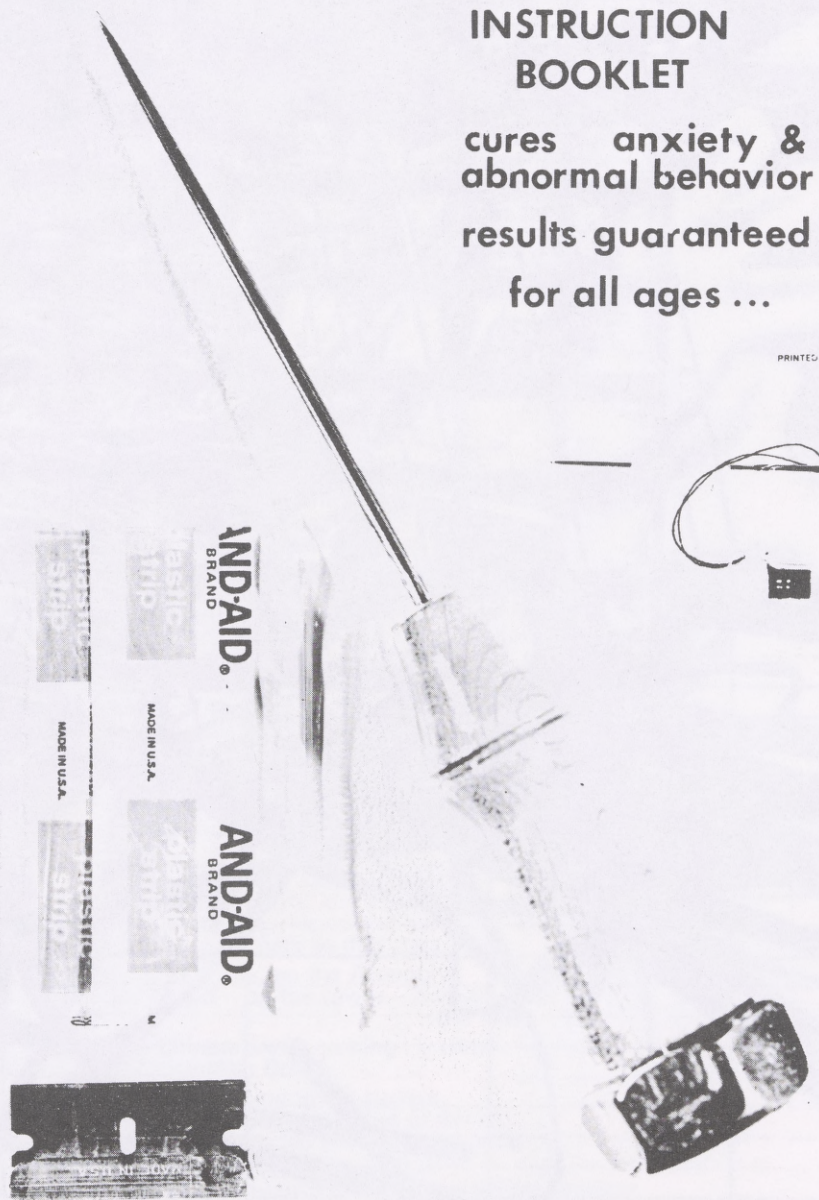
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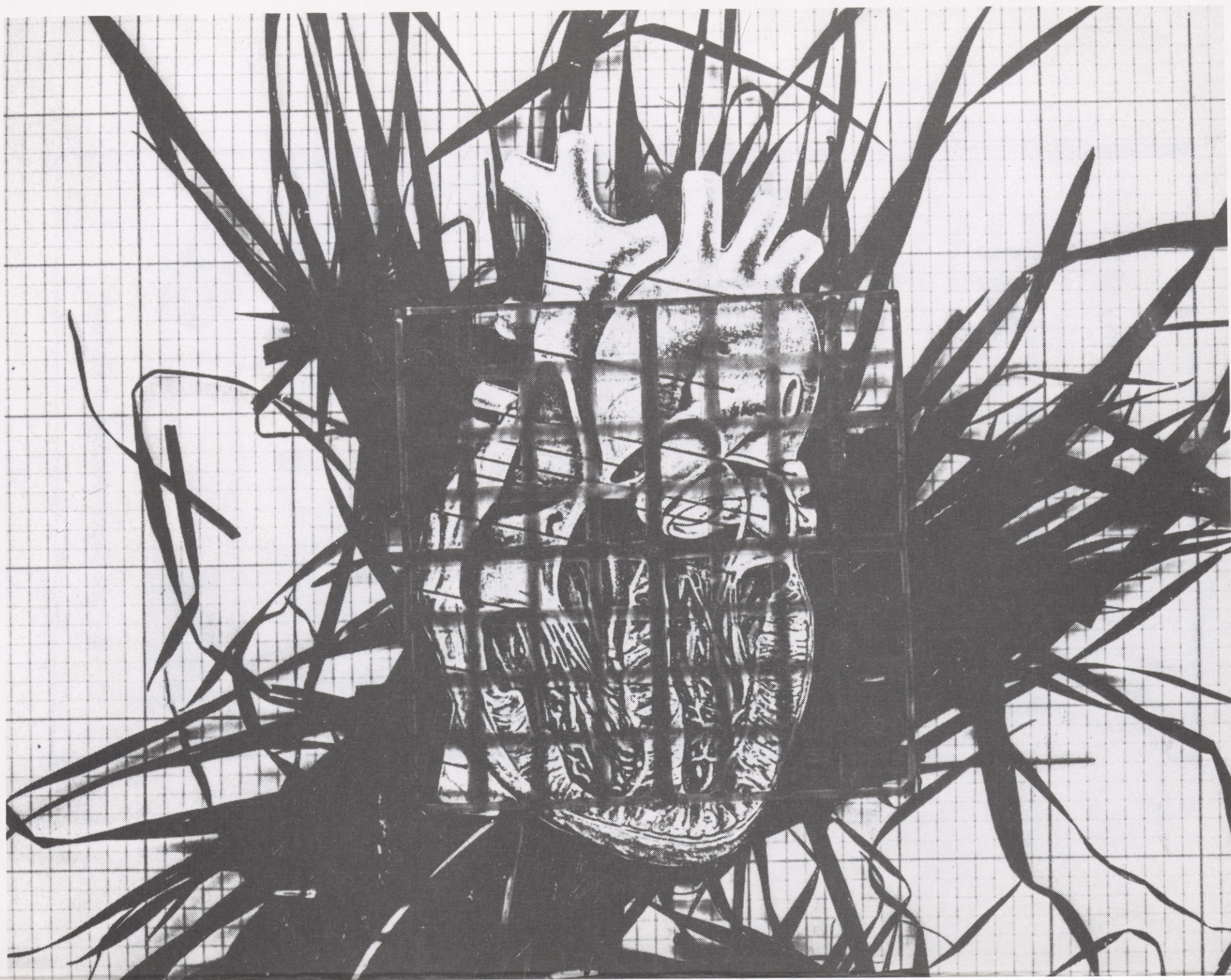
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THE MYTH OF MEDITERRANEAN SPERM

by
JEAN
SENAC

Jean Senac, who was four years ago killed in an event marked by a similar political ambiance as that of the death of Rogue Dalton of El Salvador and Pier Paolo Pasolini of Italy, was one of the organizing founders of the Union of Algerian Writers. He authored some seven books of poems, including the important socialist text, *Citizens of Beauty*. *The Myth of Mediterranean Sperm* is one of his last books, translated from a manuscript sent to San Francisco a year before his death.

The Stele

O.K. I won't react anymore.
On the 26 wounds of my body
I erect the stele of a curse
in a barely murmuring voice.

Come and read it, comrades — I
cowards and eunuchs of every extreme,
fumellized males and malicious fumelles
on the obelisk of my mistakes!

May this death smell be a warm one
-- my dissents! -- the orgasm which denies
(your furniture!) May your offspring (ornaments
of the Bomb, streak) crawl!

Streetarab women are making
a fresco of their freak-outs on my skin.
Come and see, comrades, there isn't a more beautiful
legend in your living whores.

The Wire

God placed Adam, Jacob and Job
on guard in my nuts, and a Jewish angel
and an Arab one. He named me
provocatour of fuck so that stars
fall, one by one, on the Assembly
-- burning it -- on the towns -- burning them --
the HLM.

If the Chinese aren't coming I'll come
and re-establish Bread.

Apricots are rising to the surface,
-- bursts of laughter! -- riches of dorado.
By rubbing them the skin becomes milk,
the heart an urchin!
Come on, ganzberserk, let's tie our beards together.
Manufacture a wire of shock-consciousness
against their ass-holes.

They're strong. Abjectly. And beautiful.
They don't have soul. But there are torrents
of pus under the carcass
of the sun.

Drive

You speak of love and once more of love. I only understand
the sorrow of milksops who have only mirrors
to empty themselves in. You talk of blond hair,
of civilized

breasts. I only under-
stand the woman who throbs alone on the rocks.
There are enormous adolescent motos skidding
along the iliac bone. And continents
which flow under the brothels of a cry.

I only understand
tears at the moment they scoff at flying saucers.
And names like: Ahmed! Mahrez! Kamel! Avrar!
O, mount me! O Youcef, I've sucked your
journey right up to the Koran. Now on the sand
you come back to the sandbox. You drip
perpendicularly. What ocean's taken your place?
What planet's abusing your tail?

The fire is invisible. You know it stirs in
the ashes of the poem. I only understand
the sorrow of sex boomeranging.
You tell us of love love love a mummy
unrolling its litanies of gold,

its pustule. I only understand
the abysmal sorrow of the milksops
who refuse destruction.
Better the Void than the Hole,
the Void where Solid—Spirit—Maso can pass through,
the only conceivable present. Daddy jack's dead,
you say. I only understand
the sky and sea coupling, blue
twins, the unicorn.

Oooooo exile!

Abyssal sorrow to the very Bone!

The Pigsalesmen Slumber

The pigsalesmen slumber. Snareheads and slogans
wake
(under pyramidal gargoyles.

Oolala. Nothing is heavier
than your cold sex at my face.

We have to reveal to the world that the Dirvan is on the way
and the walls soon will come tumbling.

Of Virgins Wanting To Give Themselves

Of virgins wanting to give themselves to the great
orgy of the Reeds.

Lips (washed by death) glugged with words
will give birth to multiple suns of the Fatherless race.

I tell you the sun's going to turn green
singing Aego—O; Aego—O through the limpidity
upon all pure bellies.

Aaaaaaaa ...

Isn't everything — management committees,
laughter, our erections — fucked?

Everything?
(the Capitol's busted; on the boulevards
the clean-shaven carry their snacks
in paper bags).

With a jiggle of charm
She was a knockout, the Revolution in heat.
Now she's lost her man. She howls
between a couple of narcotics, and me.
Aaaaaaaaaa.

Women. Women. I haven't discovered women.
Women.

Where's man?
Has woman perished from the last invasions?

Jaaaaaa

Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaacques!
Pinetrees and furtrees, nettles under the sea
wringing the fruits. Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaacques!

The dream-in-the-forest sleeper snores. Our
guitar
has driven the camp toward the woods. Your
volkswagon

isn't amphibious. I've loved
only in order to fall through to blue space
(the BLUE of solitude
— o liquid negation, O Mother!)

With the ruins of my boats
I've constructed a flagship.
And it runs, Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaacques!

The Raft Of Medusa

The raft of Medusa — Venus and Mars yelping
in order to mane it into the Louvre.
Love is butterfly, love in whiskerwhee,
in pariguttery, greenwitcherie, bitches
of words, sticheries
slavery; kidney—man has surrendered, there's
sex and magic books,
the smoke
carpets him,
pisses in his mouth,
lies down
in his teeth. While very very far away
between dawn and the horizon
woman weeps.
(Very sweetly, without venom,
my soul-mate, muffediving vaginized man
has tossed you to the
pussies.)
Woman ransacked and repudiated. Around us
the smoke whips
and fumes

The Beautiful Brothels

Bird jokes weren't created to throw stones at beards
nor to insult poets.
But you've piled your corruptions in their brain.
You're invented this rag-tag howling after my shadow.
(Neither cats nor dogs for your red-pepper appartments,
and you've invented fetid knickknacks as well).
God, if you exist, ascending, what is it you're
fucking with?
All of man's senses are inside-out
chameleonized on the gelding tree.
See how he's set himself up in his ruins
and pestilence
(with his little motors, little machines,
little zin-zins, little za-zas).
See how he nibbles at his neighbor's brains
and gets our rooms all veneered up
with their Auschwitz, Dresden, Hiroshima, Villa
Susini.
Take a look, company of asses.
But there's no longer an Eye, or eyes —
only the asshole fed by the blowing of beautiful
morality.

Against

So many radioactive beams since it's the only
fashionable way to be radically against
a society so catty.
Receptacle of fundamental negations, hatred
against!
Not giving value. Denying.
Sumptously.
Coitional procreator, motor of perpetual
abomination and hustleries
against.
Until the time one man manifests,
though not born of those vaginories there.

And So Much Flesh

And so much flesh when we seek
out the tunnel clawing toward soul!
Has desire raised up anything more than death-rattles?
—but Breath, o living beings!
Parchments (my september bodies)
when delight in a hickey
condenses space and time,
what sign are you putting under my tooth?
(The smell of death hisses in the glycine.)
We're naked.
Night comes
and the sun gives it a try again.
What's blockaded springtime?

Night Is Night

And then I'd go out dressed in a frenzy (all
my feathers out — of nostalgia,
perhaps)
and you'd kiss me with colors among the rocks

(percussion of garbage-cans, shahnai of gigs)
and then deny my face again.
O streets!
Neon of cowards! Neon of the corrupt!
Who are you?
Yes — who am I?
Who ARE WE?
Nothing but those who share shit and sperm?

Torrid

Make me drink the sea, make me drink
your body against a rock, make me
drink the syllables which replace me on my pegs.
I'm so tired of words which deny
my shame ...

Across all your bodies, glorious deluge, along
the contour of

God, I arrive.
Pimentos tingle in the window, the garlic
smiles. Make me drink
the iced orgeat. I'm drowsing
on your lyre. Make me drink
clear through to the dawn. Drink to the
very bone.

The Daybreaks

It's going to come out, gigantic drop, incline
to this member.
A reflection travels over it: and the sun
spurts.
My carnivore joy writes from a jet, the
first syllable of my refusal.

One Moretime, Jaaaa

Jaaaaaacques, the flagship and orient raft
I've dreamed so often of are the delirium of Icarus.
I who love only sunlight howl through the clouds
that have the smell of tar now.

It's not the Deluge waits for me
but an angel sundered in my arms,
dislocated under their embers and cold
as the nights — I call to you

on my knee of broken places.
What song of the Plague is taking sad shape?
What subtle color, whose vibration
is splitting my balcony over the sea?

There's no recourse anymore, Jacques,
not even that of shipwreck.
In the drivel and dog-grass,
despite myself, my poem stretches out its page.

I wanted to invent a world
vaster than your smile.
Look, everything's running away, Jacques,
and in my hands (and that's the real atrocity)
the sun and earth continue.

A Last Dream, Margot, Before Death

But Antar is coming. I always said
he'd issue from my wounds like a white
standard without warning,
when a very strong wind carried the Red
Sea from my body,
a sometime wind or one from the very Roots.
O let the poem be both ways open.
Antar was born. No need for his mouth
to invade me: I love you.

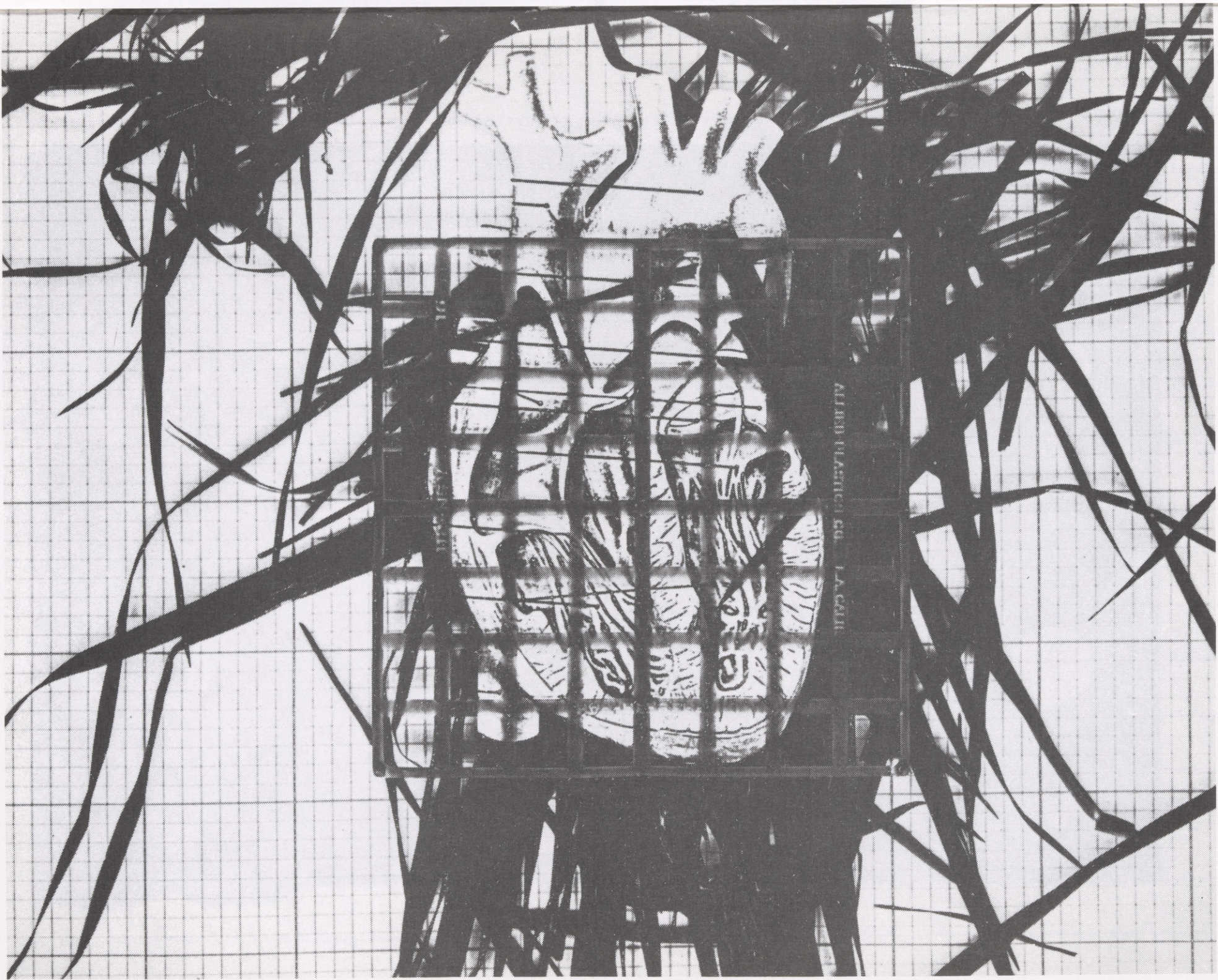
Nothing of crime or the night will remain.

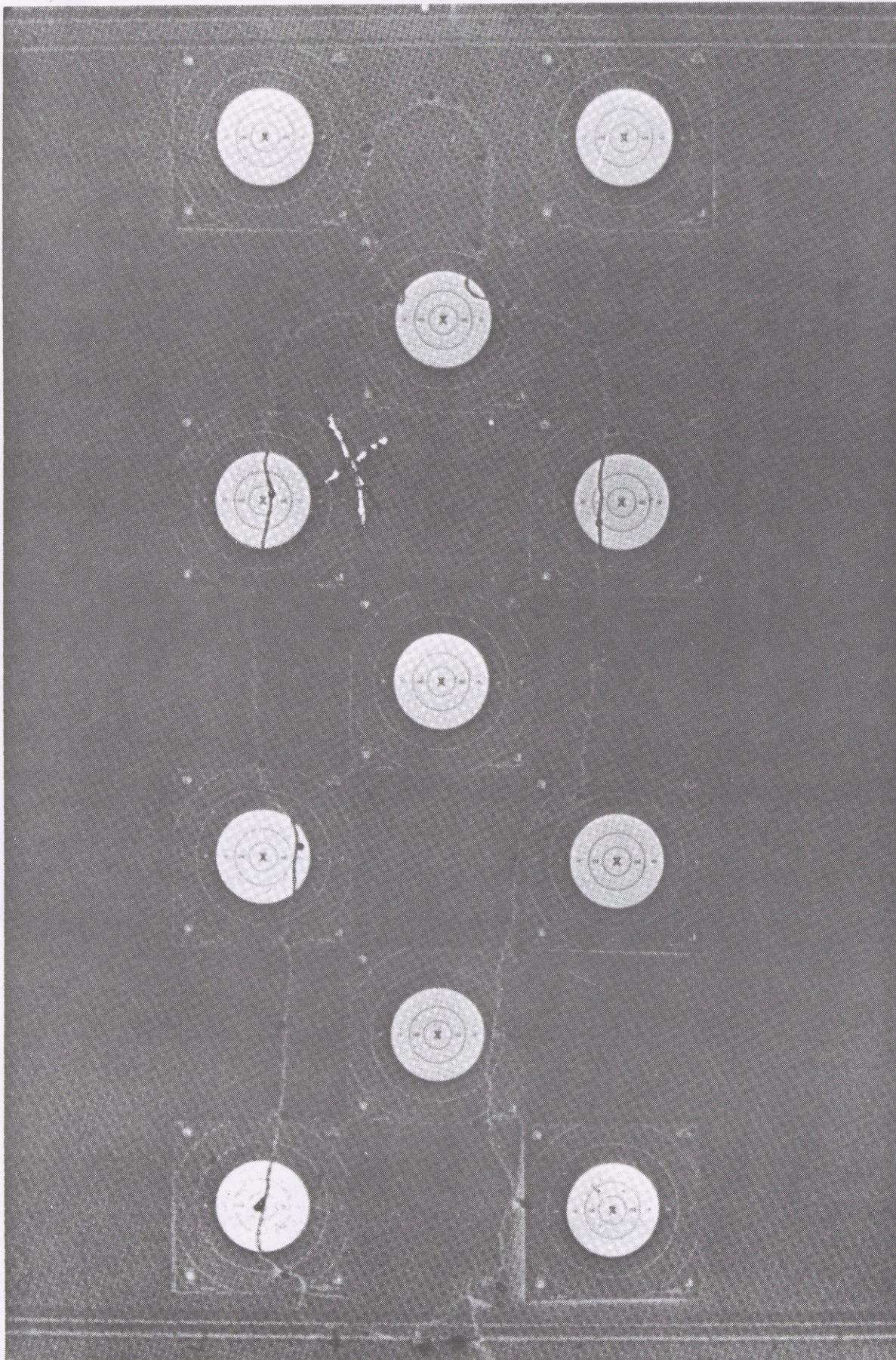
Hyperprism BSM

Nothing but you sun
interior planet
impetuous father who gave me stucco
with your stupration
between briarbound verterbrates
a passport for the night
Medusa without a raft
memory between two sexes
toward a possible Mediterranean
One possible Body

Sun-scrawl more transitory
than a drop of sperm on my jawbone.

(translated from the French
by Jack Hirschman)





COMPATIBLE PINK SECTION



